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THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

BY AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Two feasts in the sportsman's year are already past. The richer part of the sporting community have had nearly three weeks' recreation among the grouse. Knee-deep in purple heather, or surrounded by lichen-grown boulders and babbling mountain streams, they have revelled in the pure fresh air of hill-side and plain.

After the 12th August, the next red-letter day which concerns the sportsman is the date which stands at the head of this paper, on which day, in England at all events, partridge-shooting commences. 'What about the birds?' is the question that has been anxiously asked by one sportsman of another all through this exceptionally wet summer. The rain we had during the time when the all-important operation of hatching out was taking place must have caused considerable anxiety to those who rely upon the plump gray bird for their season's sport. However strong and numerous the youngsters may be when hatched, continued wet weather is sure to be fatal to many of them. In a rainy time, insects are scarce, and many a weary round does the fond bird-mother go with her brood trailing after her, gradually getting draggled and wet and cold as they toil through the drenched corn or over the sodden soil. One by one they drop behind and die; while the old bird—whose instinct, although it supplies her with many a stratagem to draw off an intruder from her as yet helpless progeny, does not teach her the art of counting—continues her watchful care over the survivors, happily unconscious of any falling off in the number of her brood. Many a promising season is spoiled by the rain; and yet of course showers are very necessary, as without rain the root-crop is a failure; and in many places sportsmen are dependent on a good crop of mangold or swedes or turnips as covert for the birds when the time for shooting them arrives. Some *savants* say that the rain that is necessary to secure a good root-crop will

be pretty sure to play havoc with the birds. Be this as it may—plenty of birds without plenty of covert is almost if not quite as bad as the other alternative. One way of making a bag when there is no covert is by 'driving' the birds and shooting them as they pass; but it is a well-known fact that driving spoils the future shooting on any but very extensive beats. I have heard of good bags being made when covert is scarce, by means of an artificial kite shaped to represent a hawk; but somehow, I cannot reconcile this with ideas of true sport.

The First of September is *the* day for English sportsmen; and what a host of recollections it calls up to the mind of a veteran gunner of some fifty years' standing! How pleasant it is to stroll round the fields with such a one on the evening before the First, and hear him sing the praises of what he is sure to term 'the good old times!' How enjoyable are his tales anent the shooting capabilities of the veritable flint-locked 'Joe Manton,' that hangs on the rack in solitary grandeur in the study at home! How refreshing are his stories relating to a celebrated strain of pointers that have been for generations in the family! How 'Don' one day jumping over a stile winded some birds, and halted as if paralysed as he alighted on the ground, afraid to move for fear of disturbing them. How 'Major' the old water-spaniel flushed a couple of ducks in the beck yonder, which fell to the Manton mentioned above, but were both of them only winged; and the old man's eye lights up as he tells how 'Major,' who had never been known to hurt a bird before, and who never did afterwards, when he had tried in vain to carry both at once, came to the conclusion that it could not be done. How 'Major,' after due deliberation, carefully killed one bird and put it down upon the bank, while he swam over the beck with the live one, and after delivering it safe and sound to his master, went back, without being told, for the other one he had left behind. And the old man chuckles with delight when he adds: 'Ah, my boy! you don't get dogs like old "Major" nowadays.'

Pointers are almost done away with for partridge-shooting, and retrievers substituted; these, however, have to be led by keepers, to prevent their spoiling sport. Indeed, it is quite a question whether shooting as it is often now practised can be called sport. The introduction of breech-loaders has changed everything. On large manors, guns enough to fill a field come together; a line is formed, and quick march! is the order of the day. If a bird is winged, a retriever is slipped for a few moments, and if he finds it immediately, well and good; but if not, the whole line, with the exception perhaps of the man who winged the bird, is impatient to be off again; and 'Rover,' as soon as he can be caught—which is often a matter of time and difficulty—is taken in hand by his keeper, and the bird is left, badly wounded it may be, to die by inches.

I for one, should like to have a day in the style of 'fifty years ago,' when two guns—flint locks of course—were considered ample; with pointers which retrieved, and in fact did everything but speak, and which, moreover, were broken as well as bred by the sportsman himself. A leisurely comfortable walk, with no keeper to bother you, but a cheery companion of the Izaak Walton sort, who could interweave timely and genial conversation with the shooting, and who above all things knew when to hold his tongue. How pleasant to be received with a cheery welcome by old-fashioned farmers, their equally old-fashioned wives, and their comely, healthy-looking daughters; to leave them a brace, and to taste their sparkling cider, meeting with nothing but smiles of welcome and hearty good-wishes for your sport everywhere!

Too often nowadays the farmers, if they get any game at all from the people who shoot over their land, must be satisfied if an officious keeper—to lighten his own load perhaps, or to get something to drink—suggests that Mr So-and-so would like a hare; though I am bound to confess there are many notable exceptions to this unworthy plan. It really does seem hard that a farmer, on whose corn the birds have fed all their lives, and who has in a measure preserved them all through the year, and so in reality supplied the game—it does seem hard, I say, that the farmer not only may not shoot a brace for himself, but too often does not even get any given him by the shooter who tramps over his land, scares his stock, breaks his fences, and invariably finds fault at the close of the day if the bag is not big enough to satisfy his inordinate rapacity. September is now here. Once again the fields will ring again, and the woods around will echo and re-echo with shots fired in stubble and root, in hedgerow and clover. The annual slaughter of the genus *perdix* will have begun, and the momentous—to sportsmen at all events—question, 'How about the birds?' will in many instances have been answered practically.

I would recommend intending shooters in the early part of the season not to shirk their work, but to look their land very thoroughly. More birds are passed over by cutting off corners, taking wide sweeps, and leaving the stubbles unsearched, than many people are aware of. A small quantity of ground thoroughly beaten is sure to afford more sport than a large number of acres merely scrambled over—provided of course the birds are there. Many a sportsman leaves off after a long

day's shooting dissatisfied with himself, his dogs, his keepers, his sport, and his bag, solely because he imagined that the way to have plenty of sport was to walk hastily through the best pieces of covert, entirely disregarding little bits of rough meadows, grassy banks overgrown with thistles and rough herbage; and above all, the shady corners of fields during the heat of the day. Straight powder, an even temper, jolly companions, and a healthy mind in a healthy body, are all necessary for thorough and successful enjoyment of either the best or the worst sport that one's shooting can afford.

The evening of the First is by no means the least enjoyable part of the day. Many a sportsman whose eye is getting dim, and whose silvery locks display traces of Time's wanton fingers, can look back, perhaps, to some September evening long, long ago in the dim vista of the past, and call to mind the close of a certain never-to-be-forgotten day's shooting, when, as he was sauntering about the lawn, watching the full harvest-moon rise so softly and so gently above the trees in all its splendour, he was emboldened by the still loveliness of the evening and the charming natural repose of things around him, to say a few words that rendered him happy for life.

And now his son, perchance being in the same fond predicament, hangs on his father's lips—to use a classical expression—as the old man relates his past September memories; and steals sheepish glances at a sister's friend who happens to be staying at the Hall. And then on the same lawn, and near the identical spot perhaps,

In her ear he whispers gaily:
'If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well.'

While his fair companion also sore smitten—

Replies in accents fainter:
'There is none I love like thee!'

Man is an imitative animal; and the advice I give to young sportsmen who wish to render this September the happiest in their lives, is to follow the example mentioned above. Tennyson is a first-rate poet to grow sentimental over, and when assisted by Nature in the shape of a lovely September evening, he is perfectly irresistible. *Experto crede.*

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER L.—THE MILL OF DEATH.

RAIN, rain, and always rain, ever and always. It rained in Cornwall as if it had never rained before, fiercely, incessantly, as if of storm and evil weather there should be no end. It is, no doubt, quite a mistaken impression on the popular mind which attributes eternal rain, as one of its abiding features, to the ancient realm of King Mark the Luckless. There are bright sunny days on that rock-cradled promontory, when the coy scent of the golden gorse-flower mingles with the perfume of the shy myrtle, and when Cornwall seems dry enough. But when it rains, the Cornish rain is very real, pitiless, and persistent, and so it was just then; while in Dorsetshire and Hamp-

shire the light hoar-frost of winter was silvering the grass blades.

But if the rain that beat against the window-panes of old Captain Job Trawl, sick now, and bedridden, in the low-lying outskirts of Treport, was heavy and continual, fiercer still was its beating upon the slated roof of the Mawth Mill, and on the lofty table-land of which the Mawth Mill occupied the highest angle. High above, at the head of the glen, loomed aloft, over the ruined castle of the Montmorts, and over the Mill that had been an engine of their tyranny, the shapeless ungainly mass of the one mountain in the district, grim and gaunt Pen Mawth, where the rocks cropped barely out from the thin soil.

The Mill could work no more. The great wheel, with its weighty float-boards, was chained up now, and protected, so far as was possible, against the fury of the downward current, by boardings of stout timber hurriedly put up; while every sluice and flood-gate had been opened to the fullest pitch, to let the rushing torrent go free into the lower stream that brawled on towards Tregunnow. The men in the employment of the Black Miller came up still from their hamlet in the dell, timidly to take the orders of their brute master, as once their forefathers had crept to the Norman baron's gate to learn the pleasure of the feudal lord who had his hired horsemen in leash, ready to let slip, like bloodhounds, against those who angered him.

Ralph Swart, in these latter days, appeared more self-willed and more morose than ever he had been before. He drank deeply, in solitude, as it was his nature to drink; and on the few occasions on which he appeared in public, his dusky face was empurpled by the effects of strong liquor, and his speech thicker than usual, if equally decided and imperious.

'Word and blow, Master Swart's worse than custom is!' said the much-enduring peasants who had to deal with the terror of the countryside, and whose habitual turn of mind was quite unlike that of the bolder and bluffer population of the coast. Jan Pennant, the fisherman, would not have covered before even Ralph Swart as he did before his terrible creditor, the Jowder, frail, physically, but armed cap-à-pie in the strong armour of money.

Yes, it roared, the rushing stream that had its birth on the crest of heath-clad, shapeless Pen Mawth, and gurgled through the deep ravine, burst out, brattling over the stones in the rolling upland beyond, and then swirled on past the rocky platform on which stood Tregunnow Church-town. The low-lying meadows, between that ugly water-shed and the coast, had been swamped for weeks past. Boats, had there been any boats, would have supplied the best means of communication between some of the inland villages. Cattle had been drowned, bridges washed from their piers, sheep had perished helplessly, and ricks had been floated off, and still the rain fell. It was a wetter winter than any Yule-tide of all the years since Ralph Swart had been the tenant of the Mawth Mill. Little recked the Black Miller of the rain. If he remembered it, it was with anathemas against the stoppage of his mill, and the cost which the repairs entailed on him. No reasonable precaution did he neglect; but the men who worked for him—hired from Tregunnow and other

places near—plied saw and adze, and hammer and spike-nail, and spade and pick, as they would never have plied them for my lord or Sir John, with all the liberal flow of ale from the Hall's buttery-hatch to stimulate their efforts. And they would turn to and fro in their horny palms the money Ralph Swart paid them, and breathe on it for luck, and feel uncomfortable as they thrust it in their pockets at last.

What cared the Black Miller for rain or lowering skies! The storms that lashed his house, and raged about his glen, and stripped the thin coating of peat from the slippery stones of the hill above, were to him sources of trifling annoyance. What really seemed to preoccupy Ralph Swart was the non-arrival of some letter which surely ought to have reached him ere this, and in quest of which he visited Tregunnow so often and so scowlingly, that the timid post-mistress, as she looked up from her sorting, to say, 'Nothing to-day, Mr Swart,' felt it as a relief when the retiring tramp of heavy boots told that the man had withdrawn his big presence from the narrow office. He was much in Tregunnow, just then, was Ralph Swart, always in public-houses, drinking deep, but convivial never; and either a stealthy listener to other men's talk, or engaged in the perusal of the beer-stained and dog-eared country newspapers that littered the tables of bar and taproom.

It roared, the stream, as it came down, flinging high the sudden jets of wild fountains into the air, as the rushing water spouted forth from among the boulders that blocked its course, climbing farther and farther up the rocky gorge, sending heaps of white froth across the black depths of the mill-dam, and encroaching hourly on croft and pasture, as the sea, in some counties, wins roods and acres from the land. Higher up than the mill, far up the humpbacked height of dark and shapeless Pen Mawth, the few hinds who earned their bread by toiling there whispered one to another, as they trudged back from their work, or at the doors of the red-brick Shiloh or Ebenezer that they attended for the sake of stinging sermons, hymn-singing, and spiritual excitement, how very bad things looked. Nathan's field of oats was a part of the swamp now, and had moved off, bodily, with the moving peat and turbid water. Farmer Bloss had lost two stacks, sucked down by the quagmire that had swallowed half a score of strayed sheep on Monday last. There was more mud than Swedish turnips on Mr Dean's ten-acre patch. The black tarn at the top of the hill was seething as if a mighty fire burned below, and the foam and foul bubbles overflowed even to the naked stones and furze beyond.

In the hamlet that sheltered the handful of adult labouring men, descendants of those whom the Montmorts had conquered and enslaved so long ago, who yet clung to the old place, and yet earned a frugal livelihood from the barren soil, there was much doubt as to whether Ralph Swart the Miller 'ought to be told' of the danger he ran in obstinately holding on to perhaps the most exposed position for miles around. The women were for leaving the 'foreigner,' who had been a quarter of a century resident there, to shift for himself. Ralph Swart's manners were not calculated to endear him to the gentler sex. But the men had less easy consciences, and after much growling over the tobacco-pipes, a sort of gruff remonstrance was

made with the Black Miller on the score of his persistent solitary residence in the flooded glen in such weather.

Ralph Swart was not drunk—he was never that—but inflamed and quarrelsome with drink when the deputation reached him, towards sundown. It was long remembered how the Black Miller had stood on his door-step with the orange gleam of the setting sun falling in unwholesome lustre on his swarthy face and harsh lineaments, as he railed at the officious cowardice of those who came to utter a reluctant word of well-meant warning.

'Pack of meddlers!' he had said savagely, 'pack of croaking crows! Be off, fools! and may your black tarn smother your own thick skulls and lazy bodies—ye whey-faced curs! Take that for your pains, neighbours!' And with that he slammed the door, and drew bolt, and set bar, regardless of wailing wind and beating rain, as he was of the well-intended advice of those who dwelt near him.

That night every inhabitant of Mawth hamlet was awakened by a roar and a crash, as though the great sea itself, bursting its barriers, had made its resistless way inland. There was rattling of loose rocks, and the crash and fall of masonry, and the snapping of tree-trunks too weak to bear the pressure laid on them. And amidst the fiendish uproar and tumult, amidst shrieking wind and lashing rain, and the roar of the triumphant water, arose a frightened voice that cried aloud how the black tarn on Pen Mawth, swollen long, had burst for the second time in eight hundred years, and filled the glen, and how Mill and Miller, and all that drew the breath of life within that desolate ravine, had perished in the darkness, amidst the inundation that had swept down, pitiless, from the mountain-side!

CHAPTER LI.—RALPH SWART'S HEIRESS.

Day had dawned, and the red streaks in the sky had changed, slowly, into the reluctant light of a stormy winter morning, as a party of wayfarers, coming up from Tregunnow, approached the ravine in which the Mawth Mill was built. Some of them wore police helmets and police uniforms, others were in the garb of ordinary life. That stalwart form in front can belong to no other than Hugh—so long called Ashton in these pages—while beside him is Mr Dicker, whom even his London engagements and world-wide business have not prevented from being present on this occasion; and at the capitalist's elbow walks a stout-built, pleasant-visaged man, the first sight of whose well-fed face suggests visions of oil-cake, root-crops, and gold medals vigorously competed for at the Agricultural Hall in Islington, but who probably knows nothing of beef until it reaches the butcher's shop-front and the kitchen; being no other than Sergeant Brow of the Detectives, a ministering sprite from Scotland Yard, whose services Mr Dicker has had reason to appreciate before to-day.

It was windy and gusty yet. The rain that still fell was but puny rain, like the dropping fire of skirmishers that sometimes succeeds the thunder-crash of a general action, and the furious torrent that had wrought such mischief in the night had had time to shrink to more moderate dimensions.

But, even at Tregunnow, cellars and basements had been filled, and gardens choked with peat and mud washed down from the mountain-side; while rumour, which deals ever in the superlative, had represented the exposed Mill of Pen Mawth as having not one stone left standing upon another.

'I fear he has escaped us,' said Hugh, more in sorrow than in anger, as he and his companions passed on, catching at intervals a glimpse of the turbid flood rushing so hurriedly down in its tumultuous passage towards the sea. That one so wily and alert as Ralph Swart had actually perished by drowning had not seemed probable, either to the Cornish county police, to the experienced detective from London, or to Hugh and his friend Mr Dicker. To them, the storm of the previous night presented itself rather in the light of an untoward accident, likely to have given the alarm to the formidable occupant of the Mill of Death, and to have caused him to be elsewhere than at home when the domiciliary visit of the police should be paid. Warrants, as promised by Sir Henry Marsden, had been duly issued, authorising the arrest of James Grewler, otherwise Ralph Swart, and as formally indorsed by justices of the peace for the county of Cornwall. And there was Sampson Brow, sergeant in the Detective branch of the Force, of which Scotland Yard forms the headquarters, ready to lend the aid of his valuable advice, should the local officers be at fault. But for all that, there were few hopes of a successful result.

'I'm afraid you're right, my lord! We shall find the bird flown,' said the sergeant, touching his hat.

Presently, turning an angle of the rocky road, the party of seekers from Tregunnow became aware that they were not the only ones whom curiosity or interest had caused to be early abroad. Numbers of the country-people had collected in the lower part of the ravine, still encumbered by torn-up trees, and bushes uprooted, and turf, and rocks, rolled down the hill-side by the resistless force of the now subsiding torrent. One group had gathered around the half-submerged carcass of a dead horse that lay across a tongue of land projecting itself into the stream. The poor brute had evidently struggled hard to gain the bank.

'It is the Black Miller's horse,' said one of the labourers.

'Are you sure of that?' asked the Inspector of the county police.

'Quite sure, master,' was the answer. 'See! there be some of the woodwork of the shed that was used for a stable, and there's the broken halter still.'

A little farther on, and the Mawth Mill itself was in sight. Popular rumour, in reporting its destruction, had erred, as usual, on the side of exaggeration. There had been much damage done. The out-buildings had been washed away. The mill-dam had been demolished. The shattered fragments of the great wheel might be seen mingled with brushwood and rubbish at the edge of the stream. But the strong masonry had stood sturdily against the rush of the black flood, and the walls remained unbreached. There was a deep pool of foam-flecked water around the dwelling-house, and it was necessary to wade, before the door, still fast closed, could be reached. Near the house itself the gazers had gathered thickest,

and among them was a spare elderly gentleman in clerical attire, who seemed to be giving orders to the rest.

'Our vicar, gentlemen, from Tregunnow—Mr Mulgrave,' whispered the local Inspector of police; and then he approached the clergyman and said something in a low voice. The vicar started, turned round, and courteously raised his hat.

'You are here, gentlemen, as I understand, on business,' said the clergyman; 'so am I, for mine is a large parish, and Mawth Hamlet and Mawth Mill are included in it. But I am afraid we shall find no one living here. Swart the Miller is either absent, or he has perished. We have knocked repeatedly, without any answer being returned. And I was just telling the men that they had better force the door.'

'We have authority to make an entry in any case,' replied Mr Dicker. 'This man Swart is charged with wilful murder; and our errand here is to bring him to justice for a crime committed five-and-twenty years ago.'

There was a stir and a murmur among the crowd; but if there was some excitement, there was no astonishment. All seemed prepared to hear the worst of the Black Miller that could be heard. Meanwhile preparations were being made for bursting open the door. A beam had been brought, and slung as a rude sort of battering-ram, from the shoulders of several men. The first shock awakened the sullen echoes of the dark uninviting house; but the door resisted. A second and more vigorous thrust, and it gave way; while forth through the aperture poured a fresh torrent of turbid water, and it was not until some minutes had elapsed that the house could be entered.

'There he be—there be Master Swart!' exclaimed a dozen voices at once. Yes; he was there, the man they sought, the secret assassin who had cheated justice so long. He lay there, fully dressed, his dead face upturned, his right arm and hand extended, as if in the attempt to undo the fastenings of the door, and escape, surprised as he had been by the flood of angry water that had broken in at the back of the house, and which had filled the lower rooms almost to the beams of the ceiling. There he lay, grim and threatening of aspect to the last, not unpunished, though no clerk of assize was to record, for Doom, the sentence pronounced on James Grewler. And Hugh looked down on his bitter enemy, unseen before, with a sort of awe, as men do when earthly revenge is baffled by the interposition of a higher power than theirs.

'Vengeance is the Lord's!' said the clergyman, breaking the silence that ensued.

Up-stairs were found ample proofs of Swart's or Grewler's guilt, proofs sufficient, had they been produced in court, to have given his neck over to the hangman, even without the additional evidence at the command of the Crown. There were letters proving the motive which had led to the commission of the murder so long ago. Marmaduke Beville had detected, or fancied he had detected, something wrong in the steward's accounts, and, without mentioning to his father the suspicions he had formed as to Grewler's dishonesty, had repeatedly threatened the dishonest steward with dismissal and disgrace.

'Threatened men live long,' was Grewler's cynical comment, in the form of a marginal note

on Marmaduke Beville's letter. To murder the eldest son of his deceived employer, and artfully to throw the blame of the murder on the second, had been James Grewler's counterplot. To this end he had purloined the pistol; while the gun, a present from Lord Penrith, with which the deed was done, was found in the murderer's bedroom at the Mill.

A careful search, in executing which there was no lack of volunteers, led to the discovery, in a secret cupboard, of an iron safe containing a great sum of money in notes and gold, in silver, and even in copper coin. The Black Miller's hoard amounted to almost fourteen thousand pounds; the larger portion of which no doubt consisted of the funds embezzled while Grewler was steward at Alfringham, and to which, as Mr Dicker whispered, Hugh had a legal claim.

'I shall make no claim,' answered Hugh.

At that moment there rose up from below a babble and outcry of shrill female voices, as, in the midst of a knot of gesticulating women, there drew near the house the thin and bending form of a young girl, travel-stained, weary, and haggard, yet decently attired, and with a modest, shrinking air, which matched well with the sickly aspect of the pinched face and wistful eyes.

'It's herself, it's poor Jane Swart—the Miller's daughter—her he drove away, the Lord forgive him! come back now, on such a day as this!' cried the excited women.

Yes; it was Jane Swart, the young daughter whom, five years ago, the Black Miller in his drunken fury had driven out into the world, bidding her starve or steal, for he would bear with her whimpering voice and whey-faced looks no more. The poor thing had earned what was called her living—dying by inches would have been a truer term—by plying her needle sixteen hours a day for bare bread and decent lodging beneath the roof of a seamstress at Falmouth, who found it all too hard to maintain herself and her children to be over-tender with the young women who worked under her orders. And now that consumption had set its seal on her, and that her weary eyes could see the thread no more, she had perforce wandered back, saying, simply: 'Let my father kill me if he will—as I have seen him kill many a dumb thing—but he is my father, and I have nowhere else to go.'

All pitied her. Most of those who saw her remembered her. The vicar told her to be of good cheer. Her father was dead, it was true, but she was among friends, and would be poor no longer. He would himself provide her with a comfortable lodging among kind people at Tregunnow. A few formalities complied with, and she would be rich. She was heiress to fourteen thousand pounds.

'I shall not live long enough to enjoy them,' said the girl, with a wan smile, and her hacking cough and lustreless eye told that she had spoken truly. The evil that the Black Miller had done lived after him.

CHAPTER THE LAST.—YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

With all the state and splendour and ceremony that became his rank, the aged Lord Penrith was borne to the tomb. And then indeed Alfringham knew a new master. Hugh offered his house, for a while, to Mrs Stanhope, who was reluctant to

quit her home of many years' date; but Maud prevailed, and she and her mother went to reside, quietly enough, in the Isle of Wight, until the day should come when Maud—Maud Stanhope no more, should recross the threshold of Alfringham as the beloved bride of its young lord. The day came, six months later; but the wedding, which took place in the little church of Alfringham village, was not a very gay or sumptuous one, on account of respect due to the old grandsire, whose word, but a little while before, had been law at Alfringham and for many a mile around.

The first and only visit which young Lord and Lady Penrith—Hugh and Maud—paid after their return to England from the bridal tour that custom renders necessary, was to Llosthuel Court. And while guests of the hospitable Dowager, it scarcely needs to be said how the Lord and Lady of Alfringham went to visit Rose—Rose Trawl no more—but Will Farleigh's happy, pretty wife; for this young couple had been wedded, by particular desire, on the same day as that which witnessed the union of Hugh and Maud Stanhope. Rose and her brisk young husband had not, thanks to Hugh's gratitude for kind services so opportunely rendered, to plunge into matrimony with no surer prospects than those which were based on the uncertain gains of a bird-hunter. An income, handsome in the eyes of the two young people, had been secured to them from their wedding-day; but it was not until the green leaves of another autumn had turned to red and brown, that old Captain Job Trawl died, and that Maud's husband, at Maud's wish, willingly placed Will Farleigh in a snug farm, within a mile or two of Alfringham, and persuaded the Cornish couple to transfer their household deities to Dorsetshire, where they have thriven. Nezer, the dwarf, with some regrets, was induced to expatriate himself also from the sight and smell of the sea; and Neptune's honest bark is yet heard on the farm, where Rose Farleigh's children tell their tiny playfellows from the Hall what good service the brave dog did, at 'my lord's' side, in a Cornish shipwreck years ago.

Mr Dicker always remained Hugh's truest and most valued friend, and in the maelstrom of his ever increasing business, finds time annually to pass some happy days at Alfringham. The money which he owed to Hugh's dead father has been expended, at Lord Penrith's wish, in establishing fresh lifeboats at Treport and St Mary's Bay. Another benefaction, of a less useful character, it may be, shortly after the catastrophe of the Mawth Mill, accrued to the poor of that poverty stricken part of Cornwall in which Pen Mawth stands. Poor consumptive Jane Swart—whose name should have been Grewler—sleeps at her mother's side beneath a headstone in Tregunnow churchyard; and by her last will and testament she left her fourteen thousand pounds, the hoard of the Black Miller her father, to found certain almshouses for the benefit of the needy in Tregunnow and the parts adjacent. Ralph Swart's name and age, with a Scripture verse beneath, may be seen on a plain flat flagstone hard by the resting-places of his wife and daughter. It was not a case for eulogistic epitaphs; nor has the dismal Mill of Pen Mawth ever again been under repair.

Mrs Stanhope, who inherited money under her brother's will, lives with Lady Larpent at Llosthuel Court, and her presence is a solace to the

Dowager, who is neither so hale nor so cheerful as she used to be. Her two younger boys—Edgar, who is called Sir Edgar, and on whom the baronetcy has presumably devolved, and Willie—are good, bright boys enough, dutiful and affectionate; but they are much away, one with his regiment, and the other at the university; and Lady Larpent has never quite recovered the shock caused by the mysterious disappearance of Sir Lucius, her eldest son. Money was spent, and exertions made, we may be sure, to trace out the missing ne'er-do-well; but in vain. The people at the inn where the horse and dogcart from Llosthuel had been left knew nothing, save that the gentleman who so left them had started by the train; but it so chanced that no one in Tregunnow or Mawth had seen Sir Lucius on the fatal day of his visit to the Black Miller, and that his bones may lie undisturbed at the bottom of the abandoned mine until the Judgment-day.

One or two of the minor characters in this history have yet to be accounted for. Ghost Nan, the gipsy, yet walks the world, and it is not probable that she should have wholly relinquished her favourite camping-grounds in the vicinity of the New Forest; but from the day when she was prompted to make depositions before a magistrate of the hated Busné, the old spirit of lawlessness seems to have been revived in her wild nature; and Hugh, though he occasionally heard of her, was never again able to have sight of, or speech with, the half-crazed wanderer. Salem Jackson, who in consideration of his readiness to turn Queen's evidence, was let off with more lenity than he deserved, recrossed the Atlantic, and was last heard of as a boarder, with a twenty years' sentence to endure, in the Tombs, New York, whence, if what we hear of the severities of American prison discipline be true, he runs little chance of emerging to prey upon the honest portion of the community.

And Hugh? and Maud? Loving and beloved, they may, from the setting in of that new-born period of well-deserved prosperity which succeeded to Hugh Ashton's early struggles, be compared to those happy nations of whom no story can be told. Brighter days, indeed, than those of a stormy youth spent in adventurous exile, or in poverty at home, have dawned upon Young Lord Penrith.

THE END.

ODD PEOPLE.

'WHATEVER you do, my dear, don't be odd!' Such was the advice of a very wise old lady-friend, whose kindly face made glad many of my childish years. At the time I speak of—namely when the above advice was given—I had no very clear idea in my own mind what the word 'odd' signified. As years passed over my head, however, I discovered that this small, short, and easily spelt word meant 'particular, strange, out of the way;' and so I dreaded above all things to be thought 'odd.' The idea of becoming so, weighed incessantly on my mind, and often made me very unhappy. If in early youth a bright idea struck me and I clothed it in words, some of my companions, to whom the same idea had not presented

itself, would exclaim: 'What an odd girl!' and this was quite enough to shut my mouth, and plunge me in dismay for some time.

It may be said that every individual, unless unusually commonplace, is in some points considered 'odd' or 'queer' by his fellows. We have all hobbies, which make us, in the eyes of others, singular enough, now and then. But the people I am going to treat of were regularly oddities, and had not *one*, but *many* peculiarities. Two old Scottish maiden ladies stand forth prominently in my memory as decidedly the greatest human curiosities that could possibly be met with. Their names I shall give as Miss Kitty and Miss Wilhemina. They lived in a small cottage in one of the many small towns on the Firth of Forth. Miss Kitty was the elder. At no period of her life could she have possessed beauty, and certainly a more funny little woman never existed. Dressed in a gown whose tightness was in those days something to wonder at, her fat little body resembled nothing so much as a thick and well-filled bolster. Her features were plain even to ugliness. A large wart adorned the side of her immense nose; and a white cap of some substantial fabric, with a very high crown, covered her head, on which the hair grew luxuriantly, though in colour it was pure white. Strange to say, however, this uncouth little woman had a certain fascination of manner which made most people like her, and children were always devotedly fond of her. She had a pair of merry black eyes, which twinkled with fun when she spoke; and her anecdotes were many concerning the days of her youth, when her father, 'a gallant soldier, served King George.' A sword belonging to her deceased parent hung in the little hall of the cottage, and this she used often to take down and flourish as valiantly as her podgy arms would allow, exclaiming in a martial tone: 'Ah, my dear, if only we had a French invasion, I would prove myself a true soldier's daughter.'

Notwithstanding this exhibition of military ardour, Miss Kitty was firmly possessed with the idea that in her own person she carried every disease incidental to humanity; therefore, those who knew her well were not at all surprised to see her frequently, while talking, leap from her seat with great agility, place her hand with fantastic manner and gesture upon her chest, and declare in pathetic tones: 'It's that right lung, my love—quite gone, you know!' Or, if sitting quietly at work, she would spring up excitedly, pace the small sitting-room, and with a sort of whine declare that 'she knew her heart was becoming gradually ossified.' In talking of her possible decease, she informed her friends that she had made arrangements with her lawyer as to the disposal of her body—or shell, as she called it. The moment she died, her remains were to be handed over to the Faculty for scientific purposes, and thereafter, with no attendant ceremony, thrown over the pier of Leith! The advantages of this step, as she triumphantly pointed out to Miss Wilhemina, were twofold—firstly, no burial expenses would be incurred; secondly, the medical gentlemen of Edinburgh would be materially benefited.

Miss Wilhemina was a much less pronounced character than her sister, but was also most whimsical and curious after a fashion of her own. She had, poor lady, once on a time been engaged

to a gay young soldier, who was doubtless attracted by her golden curls and blue eyes. The marriage-day was fixed, the *trousseau* prepared; and all would have gone on well doubtless, had the bridegroom only appeared. But as he chose to be a hundred miles away on the day appointed for the marriage, the guests had to be dispersed, the dresses 'laid in lavender,' and poor Miss Wilhemina borne away fainting on the sympathising bosoms of her bridesmaids. After a long period of brain-fever and sickness, the poor creature rose once more, a very shadow of her former pretty self. The golden curls had been shorn, the blue eyes were dim with illness and weeping. And in short, as Miss Kitty said: 'Poor Mina's a mere remnant!' She never quite recovered the sad blow—a blow more to her vanity than her affections, for she had no great depth of nature; and her heart, such as it was, had been more set upon her lover's gay uniform than on any supposed good qualities in him. When, after a month or two, Miss Mina read in a paper the marriage of her 'soldier lad,' she abandoned herself to fits of angry crying, varied now and then with sullen fits of silence, which Miss Kitty endured with exemplary patience. The *trousseau* was still kept in a certain chest of drawers, which were solemnly opened twice a year, and the garments taken forth, aired, and refolded, with many a bitter sob from the hapless lady.

Miss Kitty died first. She had a certain melancholy satisfaction in the assurance that her complaints, varied and curious, had now reached a climax, and during her somewhat protracted illness vehemently combated poor Miss Mina's entreaties that she would see a clergyman, loudly protesting to the last that 'no one should pray over *her*,' and with almost her last breath murmuring happy prophecies concerning the substantial good to be derived from a minute study of her highly diseased 'shell.' Poor Miss Mina was perfectly inconsolable, but of course buried her sister, minus the post-mortem, and respectfully, in the little country churchyard belonging to their birthplace. After Miss Kitty's death, Miss Mina was invited to a friend's house. Her spirits, at all times variable, were somewhat calmer than formerly; perhaps the real grief she felt for her sister's death had cleared away the remnants of her long-nursed and sentimental sorrow. One evening, however, she rushed from the room where her host and hostess were seated, and not appearing for some hours, they went to look for her. She was found in her bedroom, weeping bitterly. When asked what was the matter, she said: 'Oh, I did feel hurt at Mr M——'s conduct; but there has never been a real true gentleman since George IV. died!' Upon investigation, it was found that her kind-hearted host had inadvertently 'turned his back' on Miss Mina, and so had most unintentionally offended her. Not long after this, Miss Mina was found dead in her bed; and the little cottage became inhabited by strangers, neither of the ladies having had any relation.

A friend of ours was notorious for much oddity of manner; and this proceeded, we discovered, from absence of mind. He was intelligent, refined in appearance, and not ignorant of the usages of society. Yet great were his blunders both at home and abroad, simply because his thoughts

seemed always distant from the scene immediately surrounding him. Servants called him 'the odd gentleman'; and ladies used to titter as they saw him enter a drawing-room with his hat firmly planted on his head. When any one pointed out this absurdity to him, he would look like a person newly roused from sleep, and would make a hundred apologies. He was a great smoker, and once or twice lighted his pipe with bank-notes. He frequently forgot to go to bed, and used to be found by his old servant and housekeeper sitting in his parlour, with his arm-chair drawn close to the grate, in which the fire had gone out hours before. He hated children, dogs, and flowers; but shewed great benevolence to almost every other person, animal, or thing. He was passionately fond of leeks cooked in every possible way, and his garden was filled with these vegetables in all stages of growth.

A gentleman in a good position had an extraordinary fancy for cats. He had no less than sixty; these he kept in a large room which he had built for them. He would not admit any cat into this institution unless it was young, handsome, and full-grown; and as a result, some really fine specimens were to be seen in this feline chamber. It was a sight to see all the varieties at feeding-time—such a mewling, snarling, and purring went on, and such a quantity of food disappeared. After the gentleman's death, the poor cats were dispersed here and there, and the 'institution' fairly broken up. Some went wandering hopelessly about the outside of their old home, mewling in a broken-hearted way; a lot ran off into the neighbouring woods, and became fierce as tigers; while some of the very handsomest were carried off by friends of the deceased. It may be mentioned that though the aforesaid gentleman loved cats, he could not endure either children or dogs; but in other respects he was much like other mortals.

A lady in a respectable position would insist upon always wearing stockings of different colours on each leg, and gloves which were not neighbours on her hands. She boasted that she had never in her life worn a pair of stockings or gloves, and when asked why she did this, she gave for answer that it made her uncomfortable to do otherwise. She rejoiced in a curious assortment of opposite colours in her dress, and delighted especially in a certain green bonnet with blue and yellow flowers in it. Her character was as odd as her tastes; she conceived bitter and unreasonable aversions to certain people, and disliked flowers, which she disposed of under the general name of 'rub-bish.'

A lady's-maid who had been many years in high families, made a point of never laying aside as useless any gown, piece of ribbon or lace, or any other article of dress which might fall into her possession. Her hoards of old things were wonderful; many pieces of raiment grew mouldy with keeping, and her repositories after her death were a sight to behold. Bundles of every hue, pattern, and size, filled her drawers to bursting; ribbons, discoloured and dirty, scraps of print in endless variety, and in short every sort of imaginable article, collected during her thirty years' service, filled one room almost to overflowing. The dates of the various fashions might have been known by the patterns of the pieces of brocade, chintz, and other fabrics which lay around in

wildest confusion. The *embarras des richesses* was so great, that after keeping out a few better things, the rest were committed to the flames, a huge bonfire being the result.

THE DAY YOU'LL DO WITHOUT ME.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE first three years that passed after their parting had gone by peacefully enough, though they were burdened by dullness and poverty. Still they were spent in her old home, among her loved own. But the last five had seen her knocked about from one family of strangers to another; now as companion, now as governess; for her father and mother were dead, and all May inherited from them was a patient brave heart. There had been no lack of lovers during these long years—lovers who were ready not only to woo, but to 'marry and a'; if she could only have awakened from that early dream, and left off wearing that little twisted gold ring. But she could not bring herself to do either. She clung as tenaciously to her old memories as she did to that frail little pledge of the affection Lionel Hastings had forgotten. So she preferred working her way on wearily enough, to forfeiting her claims to cheriah hope and her ring.

'She was far too beautiful to be a governess,' all the men said; for time had matured and enriched the beauty that had been very bright and bewitching at sixteen. Poor May! She longed sometimes to shew Lionel the beauty that others prized so highly. Surely if he could see her, he would remember Balton and their old 'young love!'

Her present occupation was a congenial one to her in many ways. She was acting as secretary and amanuensis to a lady, who insisted on being 'literary,' and who, luckily for May, was really fond of reading good works. This lady was sufficiently bright and clever to be able to collect about her a brighter and cleverer circle; and the ability to do this proves no inconsiderable talent. It was while mingling with this circle that May heard the name of her old love again for the first time for eight years.

'Lionel will be here in an hour, my dear Mrs Gaspard,' May heard one evening, and looking round, she saw a stately matron with Lionel Hastings's eyes. 'His mother!' she thought with a thrill, as she obeyed an irresistible impulse, and got herself nearer to Lady Hastings, longing to speak to her, to touch her, to do her some service however slight, for love of the unforgotten Lionel! Suddenly the fact that he would be before her in an hour recurred to her; and the thought of how he would look, and feel, and act, upset her self-possession, and made her falter in the advances she had been about to make to Lady Hastings. But that lady being very keen about beauty, had already marked her.

'Who is the girl with the crown of gold?' she asked of the hostess; and Mrs Gaspard, who was proud of her well-selected library and handsome companion, answered: 'My secretary, Miss Baron. Quite a jewel. I wouldn't have her in the house for the world, if I had a son.'

Lady Hastings laughed easily. 'Those fears are

quite out of date; men are so much wiser than they were. What does she do?'

'Everything.'

'And how does she do it?'

'Magnificently. I hope no one will discover her value and rob me of her. She saves me all trouble, and sings like a prima donna, for thirty pounds a year.'

'Pray, make her sing presently,' Lady Hastings said. And at the same moment Lionel entered the room.

May felt as if the words 'Lionel, don't you know me?' must be painted on her face, as after speaking to Mrs Gaspard and his mother, he turned, and carelessly scanned the form and features of the girl who wore his twisted gold ring upon her finger.

'A golden beauty!' was his thought as he let his gaze travel away from her. 'Never seen her before; quite new, evidently.'

It was a relief to her that at this moment Mrs Gaspard came to her and issued her polite command in the words: 'My dear, will you sing?'

The acute agony she experienced at his non-recognition could not have been borne in silence. She must either have cried out or laughed. Heaven help the women who laugh in their anguish; they suffer more than those who weep. She must do something, she felt, and so it would be as well to sing; and as she got herself to the piano and took off her gloves, she stole another glance at him, and he was looking at her admiringly. His lips had left a kiss on hers which had never been brushed off. And he had forgotten her! Oh, the pain and shame of it! She plunged into something, and sang it well, though every fibre trembled. When she had finished it, he was standing by her ready to offer her a compliment. Again she turned her great pleading violet eyes upon him; but he did not know her. The little ring shone in the lamplight, for May never killed it by wearing another. Doubtless he admired her fingers, but he never noticed the ring.

He spoke to her of her masters, of those who had trained her voice, discussing them and it intelligently. Her voice 'reminded him of a queen of song whom he had heard in Vienna,' he said; and he added that he never forgot a voice. 'Would she sing again? He would like to remember hers.'

How dear he was to her in spite of all his cruel unconsciousness! How desperately dear! How she hated Lady Hastings at that moment, for coming up to him, and putting her hand on his arm, and telling him that she must 'take him away!' How she envied the mother! How she loved the son!

'I am to hear one more song, and then I am at your service.—You will sing again, will you not?' he said; and Lady Hastings backed his request by saying: 'It is really asking too much of you; but do.'

She could not resist the impulse. Before her—though she strove to be blind to it—rose the scene and the actors in it—the day that was full of all summer glory, sweetness, warmth, and light—the velvet lawn and weeping-willow and rose-covered vicarage, and the splendid boy-hero, to whom a lovely shy little girl was reading poetry. She could not resist the impulse. Come what would, he should be reminded of that scene too. And

so when her pearly notes in all their purity smote his ear, they fell on the words:

You love me in your tender way!

I answer as you let me;

But oh! there comes another day—

The day that you'll forget me!

And after one eager gasping glance, he exclaimed: 'Why, it's May—May Baron!' and her song came to an end.

It would be pleasant to have to record that as she was revealed to him, his love for her returned without delay. But mine is a true tale, and therefore I cannot wrest facts to my own pleasure in any such way. As he recognised her, he admired her immensely, and remembered that even in her girlhood she had not been gawky after the manner of other girls. But he entirely forgot that he had ever loved her, or ever acted in such a way as to teach her to love him. There was not the slightest approach to that high misdemeanour in fashionable life—a scene. His self-possession was so easy, so perfect, that May at once recovered her own. True she ceased singing the instant he exclaimed: 'Why, it's May—May Baron!' But even his mother could find no fault with the slow sweet smile and gentle inclination of the head with which the beautiful and clever companion greeted her father's former pupil.

'Let me introduce you to my mother,' he said at once; and May found herself made known to his mother, who complimented her 'on the possession of a charming voice.'

He did not notice the ring. As soon as she recognised that he was absolutely without any recollection of what she had supposed them to be to one another, May took care that he should not see it. She slipped on her glove, and when that was done she felt safer. But she need have had no fear. He had forgotten the episode of the ring as utterly as he had forgotten the words he had spoken when she read the poem under the willow-tree—the same poem she had sung this night.

Presently he asked after her father, and May had to ice herself in order to avoid breaking down as she replied that he was dead. He admired her very much. It was quite a treat to meet with that genuine radiantly gold hair, in conjunction with such intensely violet eyes. She was altogether 'good form' too, and he lazily wondered if she were married. She had not corrected him when he had introduced her to his mother as 'Miss Baron'; but that might be due solely to the fact of her having lived long enough to have discovered that it is not worth while to correct any one for anything.

She was dressed well too. Lionel liked women who were well dressed. He recalled a vision of her in the old days climbing up a tree to get apples for him, in a torn dress and a ragged garden-hat.

'Are you living in town?' he asked.

'I am living here with Mrs Gaspard, and I must go and attend to some of my duties,' she said, rising and smiling at him as composedly as if her heart had not been nigh unto breaking with revived hope and bitter disappointment. She had pictured meeting him a thousand ways, but not one of the pictures had been like this!

He turned to his mother as May crossed the

room away from them. 'She must have made a sensation when she came out,' he remarked.

'My dear Lionel, she is very handsome and nice; but she has never "made a sensation" or "come out," as you seem to think. She is and has been a governess all her life, I suppose. But she is really a beautiful woman.'

'Magnificent! I was in hopes she was married, that I might have seen more of her. She used to be a clever girl, I remember.'

Then there was a fresh arrival. Lovely Lady St John, the leader of the wildest, gayest, most daring set in town, entered, and in another minute a 'friendly' smile flashed round the circle as Bartie Friel lounged in.

Of all spectacles on the face of the earth, Lady St John's reckless disregard of appearances was the most obnoxious to Lady St John's brother. He was fond of her, proud of her, well inclined to believe that there was—as she used to assure him—'no harm in her intimacy with poor Bartie.' But he could not endure the looks that were cast upon the affair. And in exact proportion as he loved his sister, he detested Bartie Friel.

So now, with a sterner face than Lady St John's friends and aspersers cared to smile into, he proceeded to take leave of his hostess and bow himself out of the room. As he was doing this, he heard the man who was carelessly compromising Ida—the man he most disliked in the world, ask: 'Who is that with the jet in her hair? She's the loveliest woman out!' As these words fell on Lionel's ears he remembered that he had not said good-bye to the 'loveliest woman out,' who was no other than his old friend and playfellow May Baron.

He made his way back to her; and some little delay being caused by the increasing crowd, by the time he reached her, Bartie Friel had gained the introduction and was engaging her in conversation.

A sharp angry spasm of annoyance—he could not define the cause of it—seized Lionel Hastings, and he turned away and left the house without giving another word to May.

Well, it was over! And it was over without her having derogated from her feminine dignity at all. There was a certain amount of satisfaction in this; but the dubious satisfaction was not balanced altogether by the keen anguish she felt at that utter forgetfulness of his. 'After this, I can never wear his ring again,' she thought, and she tried to take it off. That ring had been given to her as a pledge, and he had forgotten that he had given it!

That night the ring and his one letter were packed up and carefully put aside. She could not make up her mind to destroy them, though something told her that it would be wiser to do so. But 'just for a little longer,' she pleaded with this instinct of hers. And so 'just for a little longer' she kept them.

Mrs Gaspard prided herself upon 'living in a whirl.' She went everywhere, and received every one, and so May, her beautiful companion, was very much before the eyes of that portion of the world who constituted Mrs Gaspard's 'set' at this juncture. Further, Mrs Gaspard had 'no prejudices,' she was fond of averring, and so Bartie Friel, who was rather a black-sheep by this time, received a warm welcome whenever he came to

the house. But though a black-sheep, he was a marvellously attractive one; and so people talked about him and about what he was doing and what he might be expected to do. His admiration for Miss Baron did not remain a secret very long. Every one heard of it; among others, Lady St John and Lionel Hastings.

It is greatly to be feared that every one is afflicted with that baleful thing, a too communicative friend. At anyrate, Lady St John was so afflicted, and thus it happened one day, when Lionel was quietly having a cup of afternoon tea with his sister, that they learned from the lips of this friend that Mr Bartie Friel was positively going to marry that Miss Baron who lived with Mrs Gaspard!

Lady St John received the tidings with the utmost *sang-froid*. 'Is he?' she asked indifferently.

And the friend replied in a friendly manner: 'Yes. I wonder he has not told you?'

What could Lady St John do but acquiesce in that wonder faintly.

'Bartie Friel marry that girl!' Lionel exclaimed the moment he was alone with Ida. 'She shall know what he is before she is a day older. Why, she's a good girl. The fellow would shock her out of her life or her reason.'

'O Lionel, don't be harsh; don't malign him,' she muttered.

Lionel scowled.

'Then spare *me*,' she pleaded in a lower voice. 'I know how you blame him; but spare *me*. Let him marry her if he loves her; and then she began to weep bitterly.

He would make no promise; but he went away from her feeling sorely distressed. Was she not his own sister? 'Poor girl!' he thought bitterly; and then he remembered the other one. At least he would—for old friendship's sake—go and hear from May Baron if there were any truth in this vile report. He could not help calling it a 'vile report,' as he reflected on some portions of Bartie's career, and contrasted them with all he knew of May.

'Why, I was in love with her myself when I was a lad,' he thought, and he wondered if May ever thought about that. An hour later he was inquiring for Miss Baron at Mrs Gaspard's door, and hearing that she would receive him.

She was quite as composed as on the occasion of their meeting that first night—quite as composed, and quite as beautiful. He could not stand by patiently and see her become the prey of such a one as Bartie Friel.

'On the score of old friendship, I am going to presume greatly with you—greatly, Miss Baron,' he began.

She opened her eyes in astonishment. 'Haven't you forgotten the old friendship yet?' she said. 'What a wonderful memory you must have!'

'Indeed, I have not forgotten the old friendship,' he replied gently; 'it prompts me to say something that you may not like to hear.'

He paused, and her treacherous heart began to beat. But she was mistress of herself. His ring and his letter were nestling in her bosom all the while. And he could speak calmly of 'old friendship!' 'Men differ from women with a vengeance,' she thought. 'He who *kissed* me, to ask if I have forgotten our old friendship!'

'They say you are going to marry a man of whom you know very little,' he began softly. And her face and heart grew like stone. 'Tell me, is this true?'

She made no answer; and he thought: 'She is resenting my interference; she has forgotten how fond I was of her when I was a boy, and she looks upon this as mere impertinence.'

Nerving himself by all he knew about Bartie Friel and all he thought about Bartie Friel, he resolved: 'He shall never have her! The splendid creature! She deserves a better fate than to be a worn-out *roué's* wife;' and he spoke, warming with his words: 'You're astonished at my presumption in interfering; I feel sure of that. But May, I can't forget the old days when we were children together. Can you?'

She bent her head down lower, and he could not see her eyes; but he went on: 'You have forgotten probably, May, and why should you have remembered indeed? But I will remind you, and then you will understand that it is more than mere friendly interest that prompts me to interfere.' Memory jogged him at this moment, and he went on glibly: 'You may have forgotten how I loved you, darling'—

'Have not you been the one to forget?'

'On my faith, no! Not now, when I see you again,' he protested ardently; and then, as he clasped her in his arms, she shewed him the ring and the letter, and sang him a verse from the song that had wakened his memories:

I do not fear the darkest way,
With those dear arms about me;
But oh! I dread another day—
The day you'll do without me!

AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

THAT learned folks as well as others indulge in amusements of an eccentric nature, may be gleaned from the following examples, culled at random.

Cardinal Richelieu we are told, spent his hour of relaxation in leaping over the furniture, and on one occasion he was discovered jumping with his servant, to try which could reach the high side of a wall. De Grammont knowing the Cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump him for a wager—a proposal which shews the courage, as much as the event shewed the diplomacy, of the courtier. The offer was accepted; but De Grammont took care that his leaps should never quite reach those of His Eminence; and thus he lost a few louis, but gained speedy and high promotion, by the favour of his triumphant and gratified opponent.

Dr Johnson's play-hour was employed in taking a walk down Fleet Street; but then that walk was so cunningly saddled with self-imposed conditions, that it became a feat as difficult as it was amusing. The first condition was, that every post should be touched as it was passed; and so resolutely did the Doctor observe this rule, that if he happened to pass one without giving it the magic touch, he would return the moment he became aware of his neglect, and gravely perform the mystic ceremony. Another rule rigidly complied with by the great lexicographer was, to step always exactly in the centre of the flagstones as he 'rolled grandly along;' and a great adept he must have become in this style of

geometrical progression, for even that most microscopic of observers, Boswell, does not record a single failure. But the *tour de force* of this extraordinary promenade was reserved for its conclusion; for the Doctor on reaching his house made it compulsory upon himself to cross the threshold with one particular foot. In order to do this gracefully, it was necessary to commence a series of measured steps at a certain distance from the imaginary hurdle. It is apparent that some very nice calculations were necessary so as to perform this feat, and we are not surprised to be told by Boswell that the good Doctor occasionally failed, and—as he would on no consideration enter with the wrong foot—turned back again for a new start. Which foot—whether the right or left—the Doctor required to enter by, we shall never know, since Boswell himself confesses that he does not recollect.

These tricks of Dr Johnson are considered inexplicable by all who have observed them or commented upon them; but it seems not at all unreasonable to ascribe them to that desire of amusement which made Richelieu jump over his furniture, and which we have ample proof burned as strongly within the Doctor as it did within his young friends Beauclerk and Langton—those 'dogs' with whom the learned man went to have a 'frisk' at three o'clock in the morning. So that while the lexicographer could not, on account of physical disabilities, engage in the sport of leaping over chairs, we are not in the least surprised that such a wise and frolicsome man should invent a game which combined the physical exercise of base-ball and the mental labour of chess, and having invented it should regularly practise it. A very different man was Shelley, who derived great amusement from sailing paper-boats upon the Serpentine and the lakes in Hyde Park. Long practice had made the poet an adept in the construction of these toys; and when they braved the winds and waves, Shelley would run round with eager delight to the opposite shore, and receive into harbour his brave little craft.

Jean Jacques Rousseau's was a nature in many respects resembling that of Shelley, and he had the same love of simple and natural amusements. Jean Jacques, when he was in the country, would carry huge stones—as big as he could carry—up to some high cliff, and there he would dispose them in a pile. Then laying himself securely upon the cliff, he cautiously advanced his face till he could see clearly the foaming waters below; and one after the other the stones were hurled over the declivity by the philosopher, who watched with delight the heavy mass as it rolled and bounded before it reached the bottom.

The poet Cowper's amusement was a thoroughly practical one, and is thus humorously referred to by him in a letter to his friend Unwin: 'Amico mio, be pleased to buy me a glazier's diamond pencil. I have glazed the two frames designed to receive my pine plants. But I cannot mend the kitchen windows till by the help of that implement I can reduce the glass to its proper dimensions. If I were a plumber, I should be a complete glazier; and possibly the happy time may come when I shall be seen trudging away to the neighbouring towns with a shelf of glass hanging at my back. If government should impose another tax upon that commodity, I hardly know a busi-

ness in which a gentleman might more successfully employ himself. A Chinese of ten times my fortune would avail himself of such an opportunity without scruple; and why should not I, who want money as much as any mandarin in China?

While the cloud which had long obscured his faculties was slowly rising from the poet's mind, it will be remembered how he dreaded human intercourse, but delighted in the company of his two tame hares. When at length, one of the hares became sick, Cowper nursed it with the greatest care, and the animal upon its recovery thanked its protector in a most unmistakable and singular manner. 'No creature,' says the poet, 'could be more grateful than my patient, a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand; first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part unsaluted.' What is remarkable in this episode is the fact, that never before nor after did the creature behave in a similar fashion except once, when it was attacked a second time with sickness. The gentle poet nursed it as on the first occasion; and upon recovery the second time the identical ceremony of thanks was repeated by the grateful animal.

Having touched upon the attachment between Cowper and his hares, we may best conclude these remarks by a reference to Dante and his cat. This creature was not only a solace to the poet during his hours of relaxation, but was a humble servant to him while he was dining or reading; for having been taught to sit with a lighted candle between its paws, puss acted as a faithful torch-bearer on these occasions.

And yet, the following anecdote shews that the cat remained wonderfully cat-like still. Dante maintained, in an argument with Ceccio, that art was more potent than nature, and referred to the ability of his cat as a demonstration of the correctness of his views. An appointment was made in order that Ceccio might see for himself the conduct of grimalkin, and the disputant came, well prepared, however, with a test which should try the thoroughness of the change in the feline nature. For while the cat was sitting with the candle between its paws, Ceccio emptied the contents of a bag which he had filled with mice, upon the floor. Is it necessary to add that the candle was at once dropped, and that puss flew after her natural prey?

THE SURGEON AND THE MOGUL'S DAUGHTER.

It was the summer of the year 1651. Shah Jehan, grandson of the mighty Akbar, had been for four-and-twenty years on the throne of the Great Mogul. He was the most magnificent and luxurious of all the Moguls. Before the radiant and amazing splendours of his court all the pomp and glory of the greatest monarchs of the West paled into insignificance. He had been known to spend a million and a half sterling upon a birthday festival. His royal progresses through his dominions surpassed in grandeur and sumptuous display all that even the oriental imagination had conceived. Travellers told with awe of the acres of land covered with carpets of silk and gold; of the stately pavilions glittering with diamonds and

pearls; of the gorgeous tents of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, supported by massive poles forty feet high, and stretching over long miles of level country; of the seven resplendent thrones studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls; of the world-renowned Peacock Throne, Shah Jehan's own fanciful invention, so called from a peacock with its tail spread, the natural colours faithfully represented in sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and pearls, which formed the chief ornament and design of a mass of diamonds and other precious stones valued at six millions and a half sterling.

They told, too, of the elephants that looked like shining mountains of jewellery—elephants trained to kneel before the throne and do reverence to the Great Mogul with their trunks—whose keep cost five hundred rupees apiece per month; of the magnificent horses on whose bridles and saddles the gems stood thick as dew-drops on a lawn at sunrise; and of a thousand other lustrous and dazzling marvels, the mere mention of which made men stand agape with wonder and astonishment. Not Solomon in all his glory could compare in lavish splendour with Shah Jehan the Great Mogul.

And now, after nearly ten years of incessant war, there was peace in the Mogul Empire, and the Emperor had come to enjoy his well-earned repose, and revel in the luxury which he loved at his capital Delhi—that Delhi which he had restored to more than its ancient glory, whose marble halls and spacious courts and golden domes and stately mosques he could proudly boast were unequalled anywhere for grace and beauty and sublimity. For Shah Jehan had a passion for noble and beautiful buildings—the mausoleum which he erected to his wife at Agra, known as the Taj Mahal, standing to this day as one of the noblest monuments in the world.

But passionately as Shah Jehan loved luxury and magnificence, gorgeous pageants, and splendid buildings, there was something he loved more passionately still, and that was his eldest daughter. In all his vast empire there was no lovelier, more charming, or more accomplished lady than the Padshah Begum. Shah Jehan idolised this his favourite child. She was his constant companion. She enjoyed his confidence to an extent which men very rarely allow to women in the East. Her lively conversation, her skill in the use of musical instruments, her gift of melodious song, could always charm him into amiability. She was the light of his life, the only being that, since the death of his queen, he really loved. His sons he distrusted and suspected, and not without reason, for filial affection was a virtue which had always been conspicuous by its absence among the sons of the Moguls, and he was himself destined to die a prisoner in the hands of his own son Aurungzebe, who deposed him. It was on his daughter, therefore, that he lavished all the tenderness that was in his heart. The Padshah Begum was now in her twenty-second year, and in the full flower of her beauty and womanhood. Who could have dreamed that so fair a lily could be blighted in a single night?

It was an evening in July; Shah Jehan lay dozing under the gentle fanning of the punkah, when he was roused by a piercing shriek, followed in quick succession by a series of shrieks, each

more heart-rending and blood-curdling than the last. He raised himself to listen. It was apparently from the women's apartments that these appalling cries proceeded. Whilst he listened, the shrieks grew fainter and fainter, and were succeeded by a wailing sound, as of many voices moaning. Suddenly the curtains were pushed aside, and a servant pale, trembling, and breathless, entered and prostrated himself before the Emperor. He was impatiently asked what his tidings were. Groaning and beating his breast with his hands, he stammered out his news—news that made Shah Jehan leap to his feet—while his swarthy cheek grew livid with pallor, and he stood rooted to the ground with horror and amazement. For the news was, that the Padshāh Begum had been burned to death! It was but for a moment that Shah Jehan stood there petrified and horror-stricken. In another instant he had darted off in the direction of the Princess's apartments to learn for himself whether the dreadful tidings were true or not. He was like a maniac as he burst into the chamber where his daughter lay upon a couch, surrounded by her women wailing and wringing their hands. Already two of the court physicians were there, and were stripping the charred remnants of her robes from the scorched and blistered limbs. She was not indeed actually dead, as the messenger had reported, but she had fainted from the terrible agony of her wounds, and lay there quite unconscious. The ghastly sight almost deprived the Great Mogul of his senses; distracted and overwhelmed with grief, he flung himself beside his beloved daughter, and passionately called upon her to speak to him. Then he turned to the physicians and implored them to restore his daughter to life, promising them the most extravagant rewards if they succeeded. But the physicians, however skilled they may have been at curing internal diseases, were bunglers at healing wounds. They shook their heads gravely, and seemed to think the case hopeless.

It was then that the Grand Vizier, Assud Khan, bethought him of the English traders at Surat. He remembered that the surgeons who came over in the East-Indiamen had wrought some wonderful cures, and had acquired a high reputation for surgical skill. He therefore suggested to his master that an Express should be sent immediately to Surat, with orders to travel day and night, and bring back with the utmost speed an English surgeon. It was a 'far cry' from Delhi to Surat; but the Express had extraordinary powers to take what horses or supplies he needed from whomsoever he pleased on his journey; and by dint of travelling day and night as fast as horses could carry him, it was just possible that the English surgeon might be brought to Delhi before it was too late.

The *Hopewell* East-Indiaman had just arrived at Surat from England, when the imperial Express dashed into the settlement. The ship's chief surgeon, Gabriel Boughton, had gone ashore, and was at the residence of the Company's factor when the Mogul's messenger was announced. Without a moment's hesitation, Boughton offered to return at once with the Express. The factor privately warned him that should his skill fail, things might be made very unpleasant for him at the Mogul's court. But the young surgeon had plenty of

pluck and self-reliance; and besides, the thought of having such a patient as the favourite daughter of the Great Mogul excited his professional ambition. It would be sheer madness to throw away such a splendid chance of winning wealth and distinction simply because there was some risk attaching to it. And so, without further parley, Gabriel Boughton prepared to start for Delhi.

In less than two hours from the arrival of the messenger, the English surgeon was riding at headlong speed on the mission which was to make or mar his fortunes. Weary, anxious, and almost exhausted, Gabriel Boughton reached the Mogul's palace, and was rejoiced to learn that he was not too late. He was led at once to the apartments of the Padshāh Begum, and there he found Shah Jehan, who had never left his daughter's side. Haggard and worn and wan from constant watching, sleepless anxiety, and poignant grief, the Great Mogul looked almost as fit a subject for the doctor's skill as his unhappy daughter. The moment he saw the face of the English surgeon, he rushed to him, clutched him by the arm, and in imploring accents besought him to cure his daughter, declaring on his sacred oath that whatever reward the surgeon might ask should be granted him, were he but successful. To have the richest and most magnificent monarch in the world thus a suppliant almost at his feet, might well have shaken the strongest nerves. But Gabriel Boughton was calm and collected, and set about the delicate and critical task before him in that cool business-like manner which was even then a marked characteristic of English surgeons, and which served more than anything else to inspire the natives of India with confidence in their skill.

By his unwearied attention, his patient care, and skilful treatment, Gabriel Boughton succeeded in effecting a complete cure. Not only was the Padshāh Begum restored to health, but her beauty was little if at all impaired by the terrible injuries she had suffered. The gratitude and joy of Shah Jehan knew no bounds. The Grand Vizier, Assud Khan, to whom Gabriel Boughton owed his introduction to the imperial court, was commissioned to inform the fortunate surgeon that on a certain day the Great Mogul would grant him a special audience in state, that he might then claim his reward, and that whatever he might demand the Emperor pledged himself to grant. The Grand Vizier was obsequious in his manner, knowing how politic it was to secure the good graces of a rising favourite, and even ventured to hint at a future so brilliant and dazzling, that Gabriel's brain went dizzy at the prospect. Left to his own meditations, the surgeon pondered deeply over his position. He was young, he was good-looking, he was ambitious. Here was a father whose heart was full of the most extravagant and reverential thankfulness towards him; here was a daughter equally grateful, and even more favourably disposed towards him than her father. What was to prevent him from asking her hand, and becoming the most powerful and influential personage at the court of the Great Mogul? To Western ideas, such an aspiration might seem too audacious and romantic to be entertained for a moment; but in the East there were plenty of precedents for such a reward,

granted for services of great value—why should he not make this bold bid for position and fortune?

The day appointed for the state-audience with the Great Mogul arrived. Seated on his splendid throne, the high heron plumes, clasped with diamonds, adding majesty to his face, his dress one blaze of brilliants, by his side, unveiled, the beautiful Padshah Begum, around him his magnificent retinue of nobles, scarcely less gorgeously clad than himself, Shah Jehan prepared to receive the man who had done him a service which, as he gazed lovingly at the sweet face beside him, it seemed that the whole of his imperial treasury was hardly rich enough to repay. The Englishman bowed low as he came into the presence of the Emperor. Then Shah Jehan beckoned him to come nearer, took him by the hand, and looking significantly at the Padshah Begum, bade him name his reward. There was breathless silence as the young Englishman opened his lips. And what was the price he claimed for his services? He asked for no private emolument; he sought no selfish advancement; he simply solicited that his countrymen, the traders of the East India Company, might have liberty to trade free of all duties in Bengal, and establish factories in that province! What the Padshah Begum thought of this unromantic request, or whether she had ever dreamed of any such romantic termination to the episode, as the Grand Vizier had vaguely hinted at, history does not say. But Shah Jehan himself was profoundly impressed with the magnanimity and unselfishness of the English surgeon, and gave his solemn word that the most ample privileges and opportunities for trading should be granted to the English merchants.

Boughton had thought the matter out patiently and carefully, and had decided that the position of favourite and son-in-law of the Great Mogul, though dazzling, was precarious; that he should simply surround himself with unscrupulous enemies, who would sooner or later effect his murder or his disgrace; and that even those who were his friends at first would come to regard him as an upstart and an alien, usurping the riches and the power that should belong to one of themselves. It would be wiser to use his great influence over the Mogul to promote the interests of the Company, whose servant he was, and look to the Company for a reward, which though less splendid and romantic, would be safer and more enduring. So he dismissed the fanciful dreams which for a moment had filled his brain, and chose the humbler and more prudent course.

But Shah Jehan would not hear of Gabriel Boughton's going empty-handed away. He invited him to take up his abode at the palace as chief court physician; and this invitation Gabriel thought it advisable to accept, because his presence at the imperial court would give him excellent opportunities for pushing the interests of the Company, besides enabling him to lay the foundation of a private fortune. Several other successful cures following close upon that of the Padshah Begum established Gabriel Boughton's reputation, and spread his fame far and wide. His popularity was extraordinary, mainly perhaps, because, as he never meddled with political matters, foreign or domestic, no one was jealous of him. How long he remained at the court of Shah Jehan

is uncertain; but he at anyrate did not leave until he had seen the Mogul's promises most amply fulfilled, and the Company reaping the fruits of these liberal concessions. The richest province of India was thrown open to the English traders, free of all duties and payments whatsoever; and from the granting of that extraordinary privilege the East India Company dated its first great stride towards the wealth and power which eventually made it the arbiter of the destinies of India. Historians are often apt to overlook the small causes from which great events spring. And most of the historians of India have wholly ignored the claim of Gabriel Boughton to be considered one of the true founders of the British Empire in India. A less public-spirited or far-sighted man would have used his immense influence over Shah Jehan for his own selfish aggrandisement. It is to the undying honour of Gabriel Boughton that he did otherwise, and thereby raised the East India Company from a struggling body of coast-traders into the richest corporation of merchants in the world. It is this fact, we feel, that renders worthy of more detailed narrative than we have ever yet seen allotted to it in any single history, the romantic episode of the Surgeon and the Mogul's Daughter.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE present year has been so exceptional in respect of weather that it will be interesting to place a few facts on record. The usual average of rainfall, as reckoned by meteorologists for the first six months of the year, is nearly twelve inches: this year the fall from January to June was eighteen and a half inches! The prodigiousness of the excess may be judged of by comparing it with the years 1858, 1864, and 1874, in each of which the total rainfall was less than nineteen inches. The superabundance of water during the present year may be regarded as calamitous. The effect is aggravated by deficiency of sunshine. Observations made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, shew that in the first six months of 1878 there were six hundred and forty-three hours of sunshine; this year there were four hundred and seventy-one hours only. June 1878 was spoken of as a gloomy month; but it had one hundred and eighty-one hours of sunshine, whereas June 1879 had not quite one hundred and nineteen hours. So wet a June indeed as the last has not occurred for twenty-seven years, with the exception of June 1860, when the rainfall was more than seven inches; and it is clear that a long spell of dry weather will be required to restore the balance.

July was expected to make amends for the previous deficiency; but that usually sultry month proved less propitious than June. The landscapes were green everywhere; but luxuriant leafage and rank grass are not equivalent to sunshine, and the weather-prophets who predicted an intensely hot dry summer, found themselves at fault in the presence of persistent rain. The cold for the seven months prior to July was greater than it has been for one hundred and sixteen years. Readers who desire to understand the common-sense of the question of the weather

should read *Modern Meteorology*, a little book published under the auspices of the Meteorological Society.

Messrs Lawes and Gilbert, the well-known agriculturists, have communicated to the Royal Society an account of their experiments with different manures on the same land during a number of years. They mention that so great have been the difficulties encountered, that after their years of labour and examination of the subject, as well from the chemical as from the botanical point of view, Messrs Lawes and Gilbert say that they can 'hardly claim to have yet done much more than reach the threshold of a very comprehensive inquiry.' The experiments were made on seven acres in the park at Rothamstead, near St Albans. Of the plots into which the land was divided, two were left without manure from the commencement; two were treated with ordinary farm-yard manure, and the others with different kinds of artificial manure, applied for the most part year after year on the same spot. On the unmanured plot the yearly average crop of hay has been about twenty-three hundredweights per acre; but on the most heavily artificially manured plot about sixty-four hundredweights. With these great differences in the amounts of produce, as the experimenters remark, the botanical character of the herbage has varied most strikingly. Whatever promotes growth occasions a struggle; and while some plants are increased, others are diminished, until on some plots, and in some seasons, less than twenty species are discoverable. 'Even in the first years of the experiments, it was noticed that those manures which are the most effective with wheat, barley, or oats, grown on arable land—that is, with gramineous species grown separately—were also the most effective in bringing forward the grasses proper in the mixed herbage; and again, those manures which were the most beneficial to beans or clover, most developed the leguminous species of the mixed herbage, and *vice versa*.'

By means of chemical tests, the amount of constituents developed in the several plants was ascertained: the dry matter, the nitrogen, the potash, and the phosphoric acid; and at the same time the soil of every plot, at different depths, was chemically examined. Important variations were discovered, according to the nature of the manure which had been employed.

Professor G. Ville of Paris has published a book on Artificial Manures and their application to agriculture, which has been translated into English by Mr Crookes, F.R.S. (Longman & Co.) It is a readable volume, clear and lively in style, discusses theory and practice, the composition, growth, nutrition, and cultivation of plants, the assimilation of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, the function of mineral matter in plant production, the comparative cost of farm-yard and chemical manure, the importance of the waste parts of crops as fertilisers, and other topics, which include tables for calculating the exhaustion of the soil and regulating the feeding of live-stock. In the chapter headed 'Agricultural Industry,' Professor Ville points out the way to cultivate beet-root and carry on a distillery at a profit. 'To consume beet-root,' he says, 'to export alcohol, and to provide pulp for live-stock, a distillery is equal to an increase of meadow-land, since it pro-

cures an increase of food for the animals. On the other hand, the industrial product that we export is alcohol, and this exportation will not in any way lessen the fertility of the soil. Rain-water and the carbonic acid contained in the air cover all the cost, and provide all the raw material; for alcohol contains nothing but carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Practical farming confirms the fact that distilleries contribute to the amelioration of the soil, and science explains why.'

Professor Ville is of opinion that English farmers should manufacture chemical manures for themselves, instead of paying unreasonably high prices, as at present. He gives an example: a certain manure, largely used, is sold at twelve shillings the hundredweight. It contains phosphoric acid soluble and insoluble, and nitrogen in the form of ammoniac sulphate, the cost of which amounts to six shillings and fourpence-halfpenny. And besides the saving in expense, there is the assurance that the article is genuine. 'Calcic superphosphate,' says Professor Ville, 'is rather more difficult to manufacture, on account of the necessity of procuring the sulphuric acid. But when a co-operative association has secured the services of a practical chemist, this difficulty vanishes, and the result is well worth the trouble. The farmer will for twopence three-farthings per pound obtain a soluble phosphoric acid, for which manufacturers have been charging him about sixpence.'

The Agricultural Show at Kilburn was so unfortunate in weather that many articles of permanent interest were but little noticed amid the damp disappointment. Among them was a corn screen or separator, exhibited by a Frenchman, which effects its object by means of a series of cells, instead of passing the different kinds of grain or seeds between wires or through perforations. The action is described as rather slow; but the machine perfectly separates long from round corn; wheat from barley or oats, from peas, vetches, and smut, and divides wheat into two qualities.

Another French invention is an ingenious agricultural wheelbarrow, which opens in front, and discharges the load over the wheel. Another is Mr Noël's pump-valve, described as 'simplest of the simple, being just an india-rubber ball resting upon a seat, and confined in a cage fixed over it.'

Ruston and Company exhibited a steam-engine with patent fire-box, in which the smoke and gases pass downward between the bars, instead of flying off by the usual upward draught; by which all the smoke and much of the gases are consumed, with considerable development of heat and saving of fuel. The fire-bars are tubes filled with water, and thus are prevented from burning away.

Want of coal and wood as fuel has hindered the introduction of steam-machinery for agricultural purposes into some parts of the south of Europe where, on the broad plains, wheat is grown abundantly. Messrs Ransomes and Company have overcome the hindrance by a steam-engine which will burn straw, reeds, cotton-stalks, cane-waste, and such-like products, greatly to the satisfaction of the foreign farmers.—Fowler and Company exhibited a portable railway of twenty inches gauge, of which a mile can be taken up and relaid in a different place in one hour. It is available for horse-power or steam-power.—And a self-acting

park gate that opens and shuts on the passing of a vehicle, being operated by two alternating water-vessels in an underground tank, exemplified the ingenuity of Mr Walton.

The use of wire-ropes for traction in ploughing by steam is open to the objection that there is much friction, and that the power is applied at a distance. Mr Darby, of Chelmsford, exhibited a Pedestrian Broadside Digger, which applies its power directly on the spot where it is wanted. It is a steam-machine of ten horse-power, with wheels on one side, and legs and digging-forks on the other. According to the description: 'The forks and legs work in pairs, digging the ground, and at the same time slowly propelling the machine broadside on, in any direction, as may be required. The width of work taken at once is nineteen feet and a half, and the pace is variable, according to the depth and coarseness or fineness of the tillage. When at the rate of half a mile an hour, the digging amounts to about ten acres a day, with the assistance of one man and a boy, in addition to the supply of coal and water.' This seems to be the cheapest means of tillage yet invented.

The offer of a prize for a railway van which would keep fresh meat or poultry in good condition during a long journey, brought forward two competitors, who were subjected to a severe trial. Meat, poultry, and rabbits were placed in the two vans on June 19, and sent to Holyhead and back, and kept undisturbed till the 25th, when on examination the contents, with some exceptions, were found in good condition. The prize was consequently awarded to the Swansea Wagon Company of Glamorgan, the makers of the successful van, which, in addition to other merits, maintained an interior temperature of thirty-nine degrees whether in motion or at rest. The importance of this achievement will be apparent to all who know how essential it is that meat should be brought to market in a perfectly wholesome condition. It supplements satisfactorily the successful transport of meat thousands of miles across the sea which has been some time in practice.

It would be a triumph of optics and chemistry if photographs could be made to represent the natural colours of objects. Attempts towards this result have hitherto ended for the most part in disappointment. But Captain Abney in a short paper 'On the Production of Coloured Spectra by Light,' read before the Royal Society, makes known that he has succeeded in producing approximately in the natural colours, pictures of the solar spectrum on silver plates, and also, but less brilliant, on compounds of silver held in place by collodion. 'I reserve for the present,' he writes, 'the exact details of the production of these pictures, but may say that they are produced by oxidation of silver compounds when placed in the spectrum; an exposure of two minutes being amply sufficient with a wide slit to impress the colours. The colouring-matter seems to be due to a mixture of two different sizes of molecules of the same chemical composition, one of which absorbs at the blue end, and the other at the red end of the spectrum, and the sizes of these molecules are unalterable while exposed to the same wave-lengths as those by which they were produced.' And he is of opinion 'that the colours may be preserved unchanged when exposed to ordinary daylight.' From this it will be under-

stood that Captain Abney has made a step in advance, of high importance.

In connection with this we mention improvements in colour-printing, by which Herr Albert, court-photographer at Munich, produces chromo-photographs of surprising excellence. The process commences by the taking of three photographs, each being exposed to the action of different and definite portions of the spectrum. This is effected by causing the light, before it reaches the sensitised plate, to pass through coloured glasses, or suitable coloured liquids, and moreover, by employing in each case special solutions for the development of each negative. A positive printing-plate (a glass plate gelatinised) is then produced for each negative; and if the absorbing media and the developing preparations have been correctly chosen, it is only necessary to colour one of these plates with red, another with yellow, and the third with blue, in order, by successive printings, to obtain a picture which exhibits more or less resemblance to the original. Success appears to depend on the skill and nicety with which the absorbing materials are employed, for mixtures of colours and of colouring materials are quite different things; and, to quote the technical description, 'for the negative belonging to the blue plate we must employ such absorbing media and preparations as will prevent green from producing any influence on it, and at the same time will render blue and violet quite inactive, inasmuch as these tints must appear only on the positive plate.'

Specimens of landscapes and of decorative panels printed by Herr Albert's process, were exhibited at scientific receptions in London during the past session, and were deservedly admired. The details were shown: a plain yellow picture; then on the yellow a blue, and on the blue a red; and with these three the effect of a well-finished water-colour drawing was produced.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF GOTHARD

A FAVOURITE ST BERNARD DOG.

A CALM majestic dog, and fitly named,
Imposing, stately, as the mountain famed,
Was Gothard. One of pure St Bernard race.
A world of wisdom in his thoughtful face.
Grave consideration! had his powers been tried
On Alpine heights (his work to him denied
In English home), how he could best expend
His strength, in skill and gentleness, to lend
Assistance to those dying in the snow,
Unseen by man in frozen depths below,
But known by canine instinct to be there,
And saved from death by canine strength and care.
His strength was all unused in English home;
No snow, nor ice, no mountain heights to roam;
No crash of avalanche to wake his ear;
No practised eager watch for travellers near.
It seemed a waste of power—Sagacity
Had little scope, but yet Fidelity
Had room, and strong, deep love and jealous care
Of home, and her he owned as mistress there.
He had no higher work to do; but well
He filled his place. Ah me! 'tis sad to tell
How soon that work was done, how keen the smart
His death, unlooked for, caused to one true heart,
Which found him, though a dog, companion, friend,
And misses sore the charm his life did lend.

SENGA.

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